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Treasure-trove.

The Meaning of Browning's 'Saul.'

'A Poem about the Lesson!' 'About David and Saul!' 'Can we read it?' 'Will you read it to us?' 'Please do!'

Who could resist such pleading? Out we go under the trees, and if the littlest ones get from the reading only thoughts of white sheep and starry skies and grow sleepy with the music of the words, the boy's wandering attention is caught and held by the 'cool silver shock' and the wonderful pictures. The older ones follow more thoughtfully, and again and again the reader turns back to repeat a few lines that some one did not quite get or explain where one picture merged into another.

A great poem by a great poet is this 'Saul,' and one that will, if you give it a chance, sing its way into the heart of every one of you. At first to the little ones it will be only music with pictures; to the older ones the music of the rhythm will ring more triumphantly, the pictures be clearer, but to everyone whose heart is open to receive, it will sing its wonderful song of human life and human failures; of human love that is so powerless; of the greater love that saves and gives new life; and will show clear and beautiful its vision of the Christ.

If you have read it, read it over again. If you can, learn it by heart, and if you cannot do that, cut it out and keep it to read over and over until you have gathered from it all the beauty and wisdom it contains. As the years go by you will find it has become one of your treasures.

The Meaning of 'Saul.'

'Saul' is not an obscure poem, when once you have grasped the poet's plan in the development of his theme, which is fairly obvious. The theme is David playing before Saul to cure him of his mental affliction. (I. Samuel xv., 14-23). Depression of mind was anciently attributed to evil spirits, who could be driven away by music. 'And it came to pass, when the evil spirit was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.' In the poem David himself describes what happened. He is received by Abner, the captain of Saul's host, and after 'kneeling to the God of his fathers,' hurries at once to Saul's tent, which he finds in darkness, the gigantic figure of Saul standing motionless against the main-prop of the tent, with arms outstretched. David untwines from his harp the lilies twisted about the strings to protect them from the fierce heat, tunes his harp, and begins to play. The music at first is simple, tunes of which the motives would, perhaps, recall to the king his boyhood days in the country. He first plays the tune the sheep know as they come home at evening to the fold, then the tune which the quails love, the one which elates the crickets, and then the one which affects the jerboa,—seeking to put his hearer in sympathy with God's creatures, 'we and they are his children, one family here.' Then he goes on to the human race, the friendship and fellowship of the

(Continued on page 2.)

—From 'Peloubet's Notes.'

Saul.

(By Robert Browning.)

Said Abner, 'At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!' Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he: 'Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent.
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

'Yet how my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with his dew
On they gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round the harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!'

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered and was not afraid,
But spoke, 'Here is David, thy servant!' And no voice replied.

At the first I saw nought but the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

—Then the tune for which quails on the cornland will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then, what has weight

To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his
sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half
bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them
our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children,
one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers,
their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good
friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's
life.—And then, the last song
When the dead man is praised on his jour-
ney—'Bear, bear him along,
With his few faults shut up like dead
flowerets? Are balm seeds not here
To console us? The land has none left such
as he on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!'
—And then, the glad chaunt
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens,
next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—
And then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him
and buttress an arch
Nought can break; who shall harm them, our
friends? Then, the chorus intoned
As the levites go up to the altar in glory
enthroned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness
Saul groaned.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence,
and listened apart;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shud-
dered: and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at
once with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
courageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not,
still hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pur-
sued it unchecked,
As I sang:—

'Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit
feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor
sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from
rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-
tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the
hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is
couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over
with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher,
the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel
where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so
softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how
fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy
father, whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies,
for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother,
held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed, and
hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let
one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a life-
time, and all was for best!"
Then they sung through their tears in strong
triumph, not much, but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest,
the working whence grew
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles,
the spirit strained true:
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boy-
hood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future be-
yond the eye's scope,—
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a
people is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly,
on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength,
love and rage (like the throe
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor and
lets the gold go)
High ambition and deeds which surpass it,
fame crowning them,—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature
—King Saul!'

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart,
hand, harp and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each
bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—
as when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service,
strains through its array,
And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—'Saul!'
cried I, and stopped
And waited the thing that should follow.
Then Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was
struck by his name.
Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy sum-
mons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand
her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and
flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,
—leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thun-
derously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but
alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings
of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles,
each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the
tempest—all hail, there they are!
—Now again to be softened with verdure,
again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young
to the green on its crest
For their food in the ardors of summer. One
long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then
sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me,
released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to
traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
Death was past, life not come; so he waited.
Awhile his right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too
vacant forthwith to remand
To their place what new objects should
enter! 't was Saul as before.
I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes
nor was hurt any more
Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye
watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—a
sun's low decline
Over hills which, resolved in stern silence,
o'erlap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more in-
tensely: so, arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings sub-
sided.

(To be continued.)

How to Give Cheerfully.

There lived in a little village an old man and woman who were very poor. They both earned their living by weaving. By working hard they could earn about four shillings a week. By being very careful they managed to live on this sum. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

One day they returned home from a missionary meeting feeling very sad. They had nothing to give.

'Wife,' said the husband, 'doesn't it make you feel badly to think that we haven't a penny to give for the heathen? We both know how blessed it is to have a Saviour, yet we cannot help to spread the news.'

'I've been thinking about it,' she said; 'if we only knew a way to earn a little money. There is what we put aside to bury us, but it wouldn't be right to take it! for then somebody else would have to pay for funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible; for then we should get sick, and other people would have to take care of us. I don't see any way.'

'We must tell the Lord about it,' the old man said. And then it was time for family worship, and they knelt down to pray.

Two months afterward, one cold winter morning, there came a knock at the minister's door. When he opened it there stood the old woman, her face bright with joy.

'I've brought our money for the missionaries,' she said. 'My husband and I are so glad to show somebody the way to the Saviour.' Then she unwrapped a large piece of paper, and carefully counted five pennies.

The minister was surprised, for he knew that these two people were very poor. How could they spare even five pennies? But she had a joyful story to tell.

'Why, we wanted to give something, and we didn't see how; so we asked the Lord about it, and He put it into our hearts to save the potato parings. We have to use a dozen small potatoes in a day, for it is all we have to eat. Well, I dried them and kept them in a bag until I got a nice lot, and this morning I took them to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she gave me five pennies. We are so glad to give it.'

Then the old woman, nearly eighty years, limped away leaning on her cane, her face aglow. Her pastor said he could not keep back the tears as he looked at the five pennies. 'O Thou faithful God!' said he, 'how well these children of Thine have understood Thee. And by-and-by Thou wilt give them good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.'—Pansy, in the 'Way of Life.'

Shining in at Every Window.

We went, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within.

'Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it,' I thought, as we went to see how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was that her room was on the north side of the house.

'You never have any sun,' I said; 'not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the sun.'

'Oh,' she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever say, 'my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks.'

I am sure I looked surprised.

'The Sun of Righteousness,' she said, softly —'Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me.'

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make any spot beautiful and every home happy.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Meaning of 'Saul.'

(Continued from page 1.)

reapers at their toil and in their relaxation. The march for the dead is played, the dead, whose praises are sung and his faults forgotten in what he has accomplished for his land. After that comes the joyful marriage chant, and then the march expressing the co-operation of man with man in work for the progress of the race. More exalted strains follow, in the spirit of worship of the God of Israel. Then there is a pause, as it is evident the music has done the first part of its work. Saul's mind is arrested from its concentration on the dark thoughts which have held sway, 'the quiverings of returning vital force again to thrill his nerves.' David bends again to his playing, as he sings of the joy of being, 'how good is man's life, the mere living.' He recalls to Saul his boyhood and early manhood, the pride of his father in him, the faith of his mother, the comradeship of his brothers and friends,—the wonder and hope of his youth—and in a grand, triumphant crescendo strain he shows all the gifts which the world usually offers only singly—beauty and strength, love and power, high ambition and great deeds—all 'brought to blaze on the head of one creature —King Saul!'

At that cry, one long shudder thrills through the tent, the King is released from his despair; but he has yet to traverse the distance between despair and hope; so he waits.

(To be continued.)

Majesty in Work for God.

'God is so great that He communicates greatness to the least thing that is done in His service.' In a moment of soul-weariness, that enters every life when the bounds of the earth task that we have been given seem to narrow and contract our vision, we forget the great Taskmaster who has drawn the plans, and looking down toward the earth, a sense of loneliness environs us, the world fails to understand and we cannot grasp the full meaning, see the finished beauty of the expression of our hands. Then it is that, through the silence, the great void where the voice of the human cannot reach, we hear the still, small voice revealing the meaning of service, the majesty of the humblest task as we work with God.—'Home Herald.'

What She Gave.

An old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and for the sake of so doing went without things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a sixpence so that she might buy herself some meat as an unusual luxury. 'Well, now,' thought the old woman, 'I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the sixpence, too.' In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary, who told it at a breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale, and saying that he had never denied himself a chop for God's Word, subscribed $2,500 on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and $11,000 were raised before the party separated. This old saint of God, because she was faithful in doing the little that came to her hand, was the direct cause of putting into the missionary coffers of the Church enough money to support twenty-seven native preachers and Bible women for ten years.'

Religious News.

The Arabic version of the Bible is being distributed by missionaries of the China Inland Mission among Mohammedan mollahs and students of theology connected with the mosques of the province of Yunnan, in the southwestern part of China. The Rev. F. H. Rhoades of that mission writes to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which sent him the books: 'In Yunnan Fu, which is a Mohammedan centre, we have access to many mosques. Moslem leaders and mollahs visit us here, and urgent requests for Scriptures in Arabic come from mosques as far distant as thirty days' journey.' Mr. Rhoades has come in contact with one of the large Mohammedan districts in China. The people speak Chinese, and are not very distinguishable from their pagan neighbors, but their educated religious teachers read Arabic.

The Chinese director-general of public instruction at Nanking, China, is a mandarin of high rank. He is not a Christian, but has read the New Testament, and is familiar with the doctrine of Christianity. He lately said to a Christian missionary: 'Our guides are the moral maxims of Confucius, but they no longer have any effect; they are abstract truths: no spiritual motive behind them. Buddhism is occult, spiritual—it has nothing to do with morality. The only religion that teaches both the spiritual wants of mankind and the principles of morality is the Christian religion; that is why we wish you to teach it in your leading schools.'—'Christian Work.'

Missionaries in China are finding unexpected openings for Christian work at almost every turn. Many who hear the Gospel story in some street service are coming to ask for further instruction for themselves or the villages in which they live. In a recent letter Mr. Ewing, of Tientsin, reports that on a journey into the country he was called upon repeatedly by companies who wished to hear more of the message of the Gospel. In one place three sets of callers appeared, all respectable men, who were led to apply for instruction by a probationer, who, living apart from Christian society, had held to his faith even through the troublous Boxer times.

On his way home from this journey Mr. Ewing reports that while spending a night at an inn in a market town, and while reading in his room, word was brought him that a man from a near-by village wished to see him, with the statement that he and some 40 others from that village would like to connect themselves with the church as inquirers. Having never heard of the man or of the place, he discredited the story. Nevertheless, Mr. Ewing sent for the man, and he adds, 'I had no sooner begun conversation with him than I discovered, in spite of my suspicions, the case was a genuine one.' It seems that these people had been impressed by a preacher of the London Missionary Society who had visited their town, and that they had resolved to seek Christian instruction wherever they could find it.

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL ON MISSIONS AND THE EMPIRE.

St. Anthony, Nfld.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

We have, close to this hospital, a small orphanage, which we are able to maintain through the unselfishness of an English lady She being able to live on her private income, has left the pleasures of a country house in Kent to devote her splendid capacities to the service of our humble brethren out here. In many cases, no doubt, the giddiest height that our expression of love for Christ's sake for his scattered brethren, can, through force of circumstances, attain to, is a speech at an annual missionary meeting or a more or less generous cheque. There are, however, without any question, many who, if really animated by the same spirit as the Christ, which spirit they so continually pray for, could, with the very greatest advantage, both to themselves and the Empire entrusted to our race, go out into its outermost parts and do an infinite amount of good. It is essentially British to get up and go out in the world. It is largely that spirit in our young men that has given us our Empire. Are not many of our single ladies, with means of their own, throwing their lives away on small things, simply because they do not know the joys of service offered them so bounteously in countless of the outermost parts of the vast British Empire. It is not too much to say that the homeland would be richer for such unselfish service. God's blessing would more surely and more richly rest upon our country. More than half the staff of our own expanding work will this year again be composed of volunteers who state that they are repaid, though not in money. They include men well able to be useful elsewhere, doctors, engineers, nurses, and others. It seems that the sudden discovery of the immense value of their lives and talents compared with the half-recognized consciousness that their actual environment at home is not positively in need of them, and that their places would be immediately supplied if they left it, affords an intense joy which no advantages accruing under other circumstances could afford. It is certainly only ignorance of these things that keeps so many staying at home to their own detriment who would be of infinite value to their brethren, their country and their God, if they would but launch out into the great deeps of the Empire.

A few days ago we noticed from the harbor some black objects drifting southward on the floe ice. The glass revealed that it was the wreck of a schooner, her two broken spars still piteously held up in the now battered and useless hull. There was evidently no life aboard her, and she was drifting along to her final doom in the great deep, when the ice, which had crushed the life out of her, should cease making sport of her, and permit the pitiable spectacle to disappear from view forever. Ice-killed seem the capacities of many Christians.

I was called to go north, a journey of fifteen miles, last week. Being still crippled in the toes from frost-bite for the first time in my life I had to be hauled down in a komatik box. This is, for all the world, like a child's cradle lashed on the dog sledge, and is called by many 'a woman box.' I must confess to the most humiliating sensations on being tucked into it. It felt as if one had suddenly taken a jump into a hopeless old age, as if one's days of active usefulness were drawing to a close. Fortunately, a fit of the blues is almost impossible in this atmosphere, if we keep clear of stomach troubles, but nowhere in the world can man free himself from the bitterness of life, that is engendered by the impossibility of doing service for which we have for the first time recognized our capacity. That must be the remorse of hell which nothing can rid man of. It seemed to me like one of God's new and best gifts given again to see the last of that old komatik box.

It has been difficult, during my visits to the cottages around, to avoid some reference to one's recent experiences on the ice. For the surprising warmth of affection shown by the many friends around has not yet permitted it to disappear as an eight-day wonder. In the house of one who has already passed the Biblical limit of human life, I was regaled with many stories of somewhat similar experiences. My old friend is still as active as a kitten. He started on this coast with the proverbial quid of tobacco (though he had acquired even that on debt). He is now the owner of a fine house, a well-educated and well-to-do family with houses of their own. He has boats, and nets, and guns, and traps, and outfit galore, and a snug little holding both in the bank and the local Co-operative store. He is a living testimony of what a 'snapper' man can do in this country, for he has not gained it by peddling goods to others, but, as he says, in his own simple words, 'I got un all out of the water, doctor.' Many are the tales told of the old man. One was especially interesting to me. A number of would-be seal killers were gathered on the rocky point outside his house, and with their glasses could make out a fine patch of young seals sunning themselves on the running ice which covered the sea as far as the eye could range. But, alas, between the inner edge and the shore, were some 25 yards of lolly ice, through which neither boat could go or over which no one was willing to risk a passage. He, however, decided to go. The heavy sea which had pounded up the lolly ice was still heaving a big swell in under it. As soon as he saw a rise on the surface, he ran out and threw himself down on his stomach and grabbed hold with his hands and feet of as large a surface as he could while it was pressing together, just sufficiently to bear him up. While the wave receded he held on like grim death to what he had, and by a succession of frog-like jumps, watching his time with perfect pluck and admirable agility he got off, and had, as he said, a good time among the white-coats. Moreover, he succeeded in getting some of them ashore, though he had eventually to slip his last 'tow' in order 'to save his own pelt.' That is the kind of man bred of this life near to nature, a class of men the Empire can be proud to own.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1908.

Saul Tries to Kill David.

I. Sam. xviii., 6-16. Memory verses 14, 16. Read I. Sam. xviii., xix.

Golden Text.

The Lord God is a sun and a shield. Psa. lxxxiv., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 10.—I. Sam. xviii., 1-16.
Tuesday, August 11.—I. Sam. xviii., 17-30.
Wednesday, August 12.—I. Sam. xix., 1-11.
Thursday, August 13.—I. Sam. xix., 12-24.
Friday, August 14.—Ps. xviii., 1-24.
Saturday, August 15.—Ps. xviii., 25-50.
Sunday, August 16.—Ps. lix., 1-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember where David was when we first heard about him? Out in the fields looking after his father's sheep, but Samuel wouldn't have anybody sit down to the feast until this young shepherd boy was called in. After that he just went back and looked after the sheep until one day he was sent for to go to the King's court. We are told that this happened several times; that he would go for a while and play on his harp for the king and then came back to the little town of Bethlehem and mind the sheep again. I wonder if there is any boy in this school who would not begin to think he was too great to keep on looking after the sheep or cows if the King of England kept sending for him? But David didn't; that was his work when he was not at Court, and he did it. It was while he was looking after the sheep one day that his father told him to go instead to see how his brothers were getting on in the army, and you remember how it was then he saw and slew Goliath, the giant soldier of the Philistines. Our lesson story to-day tells us what happened after that. David was a young man now, and God was going to give him higher work than keeping sheep. We are told that he went no more home to his father's house; he lived at Court; but it was because he could tell about how he had fought the lion and the bear while he was looking after the sheep that King Saul allowed him to fight Goliath. You know we often talk about climbing the ladder of prosperity, and in climbing a ladder it is just as necessary to put each foot carefully on the lower rungs as on the higher. So, in getting on well in this world it is just as necessary to do the first and the little things well, as the big and the great things that come later. If David had been a careless, neglectful shepherd boy, he would never have been the great king he became later. Now here he was at court; he had killed Goliath and so helped the Israelites to conquer their great enemies the Philistines; and we learn too that the king's eldest son, the Crown Prince, Jonathan, was David's closest friend, so perhaps you think everything was going to be fine for David; no more work, no more trouble of any kind. But, indeed, it was not. While he was at court David must have often wished he could be just a shepherd again, for now his life was full of trouble all because the king was jealous of him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is curious in this study to notice how soon Saul became possessed with the idea that David was the man intended by God as his successor (I. Sam. xviii., 8, 9; xx., 30, 31), and how in spite of his conviction that this was the Divine decree, he blindly and persistently fought against it. It is not the only such instance recorded in the Bible. Herod's attempt to include the promised Messiah in the slaughter of the innocents at Bethlehem was along the same line. Both believed it possible for a man to thwart God's will, and in that showed how cheaply God was held in their hearts. The picture of Saul at this time is one of the most painful and pitiful possible. His experience had narrowed instead of broadened his outlook, and that because he had persistently placed self before him. Anyone who continually reckons everything by its effect on himself will soon find that object alone looming on his horizon and blotting out all real light. It is conceivable that an added bitterness in Saul's lot may have been caused by the consciousness that his act had shut his son Jonathan from the succession, although his splendid character and military prowess would have seemed to make him eminently fitted for the position. Howbeit, there is no surprise that Saul being the man he was should have bitterly hated David, yet fearful always of forfeiting his people's approval, he dared not dishonor the national hero in any way. Later on enmity was openly displayed, but that was when the edge of popular enthusiasm for David was blunted and when, too, his own disease of jealous hatred had so developed that he could even attempt to slay his son for taking David's part. The characters of Saul and David at this point make a most interesting study. It is true that later on the temptation of place and power led David into serious sin, but at the time of this lesson there could not be a brighter picture of unsullied manhood, while Saul exemplifies the ruined life of lost opportunities.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

14. Jehovah was with him. God being with him in all that he does, he is not only kept from retaliating on Saul, not only kept from all devices for getting rid of one who was so unjust and unkind to himself, but he is remarkably obedient, remarkably faithful, and by God's grace remarkably successful in the work given him to do. It is indeed a beautiful period of David's life—the most blameless and beautiful of any. The object of unmerited hatred, the victim of atrocious plots, the helpless object of a despot's mad and ungoverned fury, yet cherishing no trace of bitter feeling, dreaming of no violent project of relief, but going out and in with perfect loyalty, and straining every nerve to prove himself a laborious, faithful, and useful servant of the master who hated him.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

Many years ago Rubenstein was playing to a company of musicians in Steinway Hall, and with one accord they broke out in applause at the close of a brilliant improvisation. 'Friends,' exclaimed the great musician, 'please do not applaud! Your applause directs my thoughts from the music to myself, and I cannot play.' The one whose heart is turned in on itself can never make beautiful music for others. One who is exclusively occupied with his own feelings and wants can have little regard for the feelings and wants of others. I will ask God's help in putting self out of my heart.

Let us kill envy by starvation. And how shall we do it? By withdrawing the thought on which it feeds, and providing another kind of thought which shall be as poison. There is only one way of doing it. We must pray for those we envy. We must tell God all about it, and in these conditions the evil thing will languish away and die. We must look at the enviable one in our Master's presence, and he will become to us the lovable one. Envy is asphyxiated in the atmosphere of prayer.—J. H. Jowett.

Centre all your thoughts on self, and you will have abundance of misery.—Charles Kingsley.

The love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—George Macdonald.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 10. Such prophesying survives among the fakirs of India and sheiks, or dervishes, of Mohammedanism. They 'rave' (margin of R. V.), they foam, and throw themselves into many an unnatural posture. They become dangerous, not only to others, but also to themselves when so frenzied; still, lookers-on regard them as performing religious exercises or prophesying.—Shweir, Mount Lebanon, Syria.

'Jealousy is said to be the offspring of Love. Yet unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.—'Hare's Guesses at Truth.'

'But through the heart
Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise.'—'Thomson's Seasons.'

'Of all the passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages.'—'Colton in Lacon.'

Bible References.

Psa. lxxxxi., 1, 4-6; Song of Solomon viii., 6; I. John ii., 11; Prov. xxvii., 4; Eph. iv., 31; Psa. xlvi., 1.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 16.—Topic—Lessons from the sea. Ps. cvii., 23-32.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 10.—Love thy neighbor. Lev. xix., 18.

Tuesday, August 11.—Be just to thy neighbor. Lev. xix., 15.

Wednesday, August 12.—Do no evil to thy neighbor. Ps. xv., 1-3.

Thursday, August 13.—Help your neighbor. Isa. xli., 6.

Friday, August 14.—Speak truth to thy neighbor. Zech. viii., 16, 17.

Saturday, August 15.—Please your neighbor. Rom. xv., 2.

Sunday, August 16.—Topic—The man who was a good neighbor. Luke x., 29-37.

The Sand Map.

We get frightened at names, and give up a good thing because we think we cannot get it or work it when we do get it. Very few primary teachers have the best equipments, such as separate room, small chairs, organ, black-board, etc. But that is no reason why there should be an utter barrenness in the furnishings for the primary room or class. Every teacher can have some of these things and by ingenuity can largely make up for this lack in Sunday School aids.

One of these is the sand map. The child learns largely by what it sees. The eye is the most important gate into its soul. You may talk of a mountain or a lake and it will have little idea of the meaning. You may speak of a horse and there will be no interest. But just hold up an old broomstick and say, 'Children, this will be a horse,' and see how their eyes sparkle. Imagination will then take it up and complete the picture.

But the sand map. Anybody can have it. A shallow box, three or four inches deep, tight enough to hold some nice clean sand. The width can be eighteen inches by thirty inches in length. Then a small piece of looking-glass or tin to represent water; some sticks to represent men and women or anything desired. Have some red tinsel to represent fire, a few small boats, etc., and one is ready for almost any lesson. Let each need suggest what one should have on hand. The sand can be dampened so that rivers and mountains and roads can be made and all for a little trouble and no expense. One by one such articles may be obtained until any teacher may be almost independent of the more elaborate equipment in Sunday School work.—'Living Epistle.'

BOYS! Don't miss this chance to earn fine premiums selling the Tercentenary 'Pictorial.' Six for a Knife! 12 only for a Camera! Cash profits if preferred. Read advt. elsewhere in this issue. Full particulars from John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I cannot go to school, I thought I would like to write to you. I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' once before. My brother and sister go to school. My brother passed into the third book this summer. Our annual Sunday School and day school picnic is to be held this year in a bush about a mile from my home. We all expect to go to it. There is generally a good crowd at it, and we have a good time. The children sing and recite pieces. I hope it may be a good day. I am going to send a riddle: Which can travel faster—a man with only one sack of flour on his back, or a man with two sacks on his back?

MABEL HELEN YOUNG.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am writing a few lines to thank you for the books you sent me for getting new subscribers and renewing the old ones. They are very pretty, and much more than I expected for my work. I think it pays any little girl to get new subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I will do all I can to get more subscribers and encourage others to take the Northern Messenger.' This is my third letter to the 'Messenger.' Thank you again for the books, they are just grand.

FLORENCE S. RANDALL.

F. V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little village. Our house is about half a mile from the shore of the Cobequid Bay. It is great fun going in bathing in the summer time. There are a few cottages on the shore, and every summer people come from Truro to spend the warm, sunny days on the shore. The answer to Jennie Mason's riddle is eight p.m.

H. B. FLEMING.

The Glades, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We are all so interested in the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' that I thought I would write one too. My father is the minister here, and our parsonage is a pretty little cottage. I have three sisters and one brother, and we all go to Sunday School, except Baby Mildred, who is only five months' old. The only pets we have are a big black and white kitten, which we call 'Beauty,' and 'Kitty,' our horse. She is so gentle that all we girls can drive her.

L. S. F.

W., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I used to live in Ontario, in Hadlington. My father moved away out to Alberta this spring. I like the place very well. I love to sit out in the hammock and hear the birds. There are so many different kinds of birds, and they make so many different tones. I was frightened when I first heard the coyotes howl, but I don't mind them now. My father bought me a nice pony and saddle, so that I can ride all over. I think it is the cutest little thing in the world. There are some fine fish in the Pemnaugh. I'm sorry to say there is no school here yet.

MINNIE MAY HADLEY (age 9).

[Glad to hear from you again in your new home, Minnie, and glad too, to know that you like it.—Ed.]

Sheffield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Will you permit a little English girl to venture into your Club? We take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a very nice paper. I like to read the letters in the Correspondence page. I would like to become a member of the Royal League of Kindness. I came from England three years ago this month with some of my sisters and a brother. The voyage was quite stormy, and at times the waves came over the deck. The name of the ship was 'Siberian.' She is a large vessel, but rather slow. The city I came from was Birmingham. There are some very fine buildings there, one of them being the Winchester Cathedral. I was never inside it, but I have seen the outside of it lots of times. I could see the steeple from my bedroom window, although it was nearly two miles away. Sheffield is a pretty place, lying along the short of the St. John River. There is a store, a blacksmith's shop and two churches, the Methodist and Congregational. I don't go to any Sunday School now, but I used to last summer. We have great fun here in the winter time, such as skating, coasting, snowballing, and other games. I like to go to school in the winter, but it is mostly always warm in the summer, and I am busy. I like to read quite well. I am afraid I am making my letter too long. So I must close, and leave room for some other little brother or sister. I wish the 'Messenger' success.

'DAISY' (age 15).

[If you want to join the Royal League of Kindness, 'Daisy,' you must copy out the pledge and sign it with your name and address, keep one copy and send the other to the Editor. We will not only 'permit' you to come into our correspondence circle, but are glad to welcome you.—Ed.]

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am the eldest girl in our family, nine years of age. I have two sisters younger and a brother older than I. I have travelled in Scotland and England for two and a half years, and just came back last Christmas time. I have seen the hills of the Highlands and rivers of the Lowlands of Scotland, and many other interesting scenes. I have been in Carlysle and Liverpool, England; stayed in Perth, Scotland, and lived in Edinburgh, which is called 'Modern Athens' for its beauty. I will tell you more of my travels next week.

M. DOROTHY MacMILLAN.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of seven years old. I have two sisters, nine and four years old. We have two kittens, one named the Queen of Hearts, the other Fluffy. We have a back and front garden and a field that has all kinds of small fruits in it.

JEAN MacMILLAN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'S.S. Scotia.' Raymond A. Taylor (age 10), P. B., N.S.
2. 'A Quite Nook.' M. Rutherford, B., Ont.
3. 'House.' Norman Gould, H., N.S.
4. 'A Surprise.' Vern Shaw, T., Ont.
5. 'Proud Parents.' H. Saunders, Ottawa.
6. 'Our House.' Ivy Spencer (age 11), A., N.Y.

A BIBLE ALPHABET OF MOTTOES.

We have had for some time several Bible alphabets, one from Edna and Catherine McLeod, G., P. Que.; one from Vera Jane Smith, C., P.E.I.; one from Robina Johnson, V., N.S., and another without a name . So we have chosen out of all these the texts that make the best sort of mottoes for us all to remember and put them all into one Bible alphabet of mottoes:

A.—Abstain from all appearance of evil. I. Thess. v., 22.

B.—By love serve one another. Gal. v., 13.

C.—Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. I. Peter v., 7.

D.—Deal courageously and the Lord shall be with the good. II. Chron. xix., 11.

E.—Enter ye in at the strait gate. Matt. vii., 13.

F.—Fear thou not for I am with thee. Isa. xli., 10.

G.—Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. iv., 30.

H.—He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. Matt. x., 39.

I.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth. Rom. xiv., 21.

J.—Judge not, that ye be not judged. Matt. vii., i.

K.—Keep thy tongue from evil. Psa. xxxiv., 13.

L.—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii., 5.

M.—My refuge is in God. Psa. lxii., 7.

N.—No man can serve two masters. Matt. vi., 24.

O.—Owe no man anything but to love one another. Rom. xiii., 8.

P.—Pride goeth before destruction. Prov. xvi., 18.

Q.—Quench not the spirit. I. Thess. v., 19.

R.—Recompense to no man evil for evil. Rom. xii., 17.

S.—Seek ye the Lord. Zeph. ii., 3.

T.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. Matt. xxii., 37.

U.—Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages. Eph. iii., 21.

V.—Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. Mark x., 15.

W.—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith. I. Cor. xvi., 13.

Y.—Ye are the light of the world. Matt. v., 14.

[The letters X and Z have been left out, as no suitable texts were found for them.]

SPLENDID PREMIUMS EASILY EARNED.

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Boys all over Canada are busily earning splendid premiums or generous cash commissions selling the July Tercentenary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Though the edition has been selling out very rapidly, we have a certain number still RESERVED for our boy agents, so that their customers need not be disappointed. Send in at once. Cash with order secures preference and any money sent after the supply runs out will be promptly refunded. Price to the public, 15 cents. Good profits for our boy agents. Six sold at 15 cents gets a fine Rogers penknife. Twelve sold secures a No. 1 Brownie camera, etc., etc. A dozen or more could be sold in an hour in hundreds of places. Prompt attention to all orders.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

His Worth.

'I would 'na gie a copper plack
For any man wha turns his back
On duty clear;
I would 'na take his word or note
Or trust myself in any boat
That he would steer.

I would 'na gie an auld bawbee
For any man wha' ere he be
That did 'na hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The justice o' his brither's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
Far mair than gold.'

—Selected.

Esther Hart.

(M. Elizabeth Booth, in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

'Dear me! It's hot enough in here to roast a turkey, and I verily believe I'm being singed myself,' groaned Nan from the depths of a sleepy-hollow chair.

'Well, I agree with you,' said Fanny; 'and the very idea of having a missionary meeting such an afternoon makes my blood boil. I hope there won't another soul stir out to-day, for as it is there isn't a quorum, and if the others do not come, we will make our way to the basement, and I'll show you, girls, that I can make an orange ice equal to our best caterer.'

'Goody!' rang out several voices; 'and I'll bring that delightful book we are reading and give you something to feast your mind upon,' said Fanny. 'I'm wild to see how that beautiful girl in the story brings Donald to her feet.'

'By the pricking of my thumbs something wicked this way comes,' said Dorothy in her most doleful tones, and with such a tragic air that the girls burst into laughter. Before it had ceased, a sharp ring at the bell called the girls to their senses and Nan to the door. She was much surprised to see Miss Simms, her Sunday School teacher, and with her a young girl about her own age.

'Good afternoon, my dear!' exclaimed Miss Simms. 'I'm glad this heat has not affected the spirits of my girls. I heard your merry laughing nearly a block away, and felt so glad you were keeping cheerful, if not cool. I want to introduce our friend, Esther Hart. Esther, this is one of my girls, Nan Wilson, and I want you to be friends. Esther is anxious to become an active worker here, as she always has been at her old home in Dover, and I am sure you will give her a welcome to your hearts as well as work. I must run on now, but I will be with you in spirit, and hope your enthusiasm will equal the hot day;' and with a cheerful 'Good-bye' Miss Simms left them.

The other girls had been behind the door during this little conversation in the hall. 'Wonder who she is? Wonder if she's pretty? Never heard of her father, did you?' 'I hope she is our equal,' remarked Fanny, when suddenly the door opened and Nan entered, followed by Esther Hart, whom she introduced in not a very genial way to the girls.

Was she pretty? No. No one had ever called her pretty; but there was something very sweet about the face, and had you gazed into the full, sad eyes, you would have read a world of earnestness and depth of nature. She had on a simple calico dress, clean and certainly becoming, and a hat, though of last year's style, was arranged to admirably suit the face beneath it. Esther was aware of the girls' critical gaze, and as she had heard Fanny's remark, her heart grew heavy; but she had prayed to be useful, and God had seemed to send her here, and He would help her. There was an awkward silence, and these girls, who could chatter like magpies about society notes, seemed speechless. Finally, Fanny remarked, 'I move we don't have any meeting, and that we send word to the other members to bring in what money they have, and then let's form into a Literary Club. Lots more interesting!'

'Well, that may be,' said Dorothy, 'but what will become of that poor girl we started to educate?'

'Well, Dot, I am not going to consider that girl before our comfort and complexions. I look like a boiled lobster now, and I won't do another thing for the heathen while it's so hot! Look at my nose. I can see a blister coming this minute,' and Fanny rolled her eyes in the direction of her nose, making herself look so ridiculous that the girls who laughed easily this afternoon were at once in a titter; all but Esther. She sat with a very serious look in her eyes, and finally asked the nature of their work. Upon being told, she could not help the pleading words that sprang to her lips. 'Oh! girls, have you thought what it means to that girl and what an influence it would have upon her life and those about her, should all her hopes be broken and all her advantages stopped because a few girls could not give up one afternoon, or, some little personal want, that they might have, to help a soul upward and onward?'

'New brooms sweep clean,' sneered Fanny. 'Perhaps Miss Hart might carry on the meetings herself.'

'O, I did not mean to be officious,' quickly broke in Esther. 'I was only thinking what step we would be likely to take if Christ were coming to our next meeting in person to receive our decision!'

The girls looked amazed and began to fidget.

'I guess the other girls are not coming, and we won't try to have a meeting,' said Nan.

Esther thought of the promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together,' but getting up quietly, bade the girls good-bye, and went home with her heart too full to speak.

'I think we are frozen without any orange ice, and for my part, I shall resign if that individual comes in,' sullenly remarked Fanny.

'Now, don't be cross,' said Dorothy. 'I think she took the right stand, and I rather like her.'

'Hurrah, girls! for the basement. I'm not frozen, if Fanny is!'

But somehow, the making of ice wasn't quite as agreeable as they had anticipated, and the girls one by one grew quiet and finally parted for their several homes.

The week rolled quickly around and the meeting day arrived. Many of the members were present, bringing their small contributions, for Fanny had sent out the notices, suggesting the 'Literary Club,' and many were eager for the new plan. Ether did not arrive, but a little boy, looking very poor but clean, with a bright, manly little face, appeared at the door and left an envelope for 'Miss Wilson.' Upon opening it, Nan was surprised to find a note from Esther, stating that sickness had detained her, and enclosed was a crisp five dollar bill. The girls were silent, nearly every one being in cool silk dresses or dainty muslins, and yet their contributions were as nothing compared with their sister who had attended in calico.

'Girls!' said Dorothy, 'I don't know how you feel, but I've not been able to get away from that question of Esther Hart's this whole week. If Christ were coming for our decision, what would it be? We treated Esther abominably last week, and we are treating Christ worse, and I, for one, am thoroughly ashamed. I move we show our penitence by going to Esther's house in a body, thank her for her subscription, and ask her pardon for our behavior. I feel that God sent her to us for our good, and we, like spoiled children, have sent the gift away, because it didn't come in just the way we wanted it.'

The girls were thoughtful for a moment, but as Dot was a leader among them, they soon were off in the direction of Esther Hart's home.

After some inquiries, they were surprised to find her in very poor quarters, but everything was spotlessly clean. It was dusk, and the girls, coming quietly up to a side window, were surprised to find Esther sitting near another window with a pile of shirts by her side, and she just finishing a buttonhole in the last one. The girls glanced at each other. Not one of them knew what it was to work for a living. But there she was, and near her a little bed, with the face of an old woman grown old in sorrow and care, upon the pillow. Was she sleeping? No; for just then a sweet voice was heard and Esther in a moment was at the bedside, giving comfort to the sightless, crippled woman. She came back sweetly humming to herself, 'Just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come,' and set the table for tea. Such a tea! And she to send five dollars! Could it be that tea and bread were all they had? The girls noticed, too, that the poor old grandma was the only one who had butter on her bread. Esther, seating herself once again, to wait for the little brother to come in, she mused aloud. 'I wonder what the girls did this afternoon at the meeting? Such bright, pretty girls, capable of so much. O Father, let them realize what they might do for Thee! If we might only take another girl to help along instead of giving up this one,' and Esther hid her face in her hands and prayed as the girls had never dreamed of praying, for each one of them, especially for Fanny, and then such a plea for the poor girl they had taken to help.

The girls hurriedly left the house, their hearts too full to speak, until they reached Dorothy's home, when she turned and, with tears in her eyes, beckoned the girls to follow. Reaching her own pretty room, she dropped on her knees and, amidst her tears, thanked God that there was still time to work and that Chrst had given them another opportunity for a decision.

The next day Esther was strangely moved by receiving a letter, signed by each one of the girls, begging her to come among them and help them to begin all over, and earnestly asking her forgiveness for their conduct. Tears of joy rained down her face, and need I give you the results of another meeting? How much happier the girls became; how the contributions increased, so that Esther's prayer for 'helping two' was answered? How the girls grew and how the influence of their prayer meetings so changed their hearts and lives that even Fanny's mother was heard to say to her husband that a wonderful change had taken place in her life, for Fanny was now continually looking for opportunities to help instead of hinder, and Frank, who had spent most of his evenings out, was beginning to find home unusually delightful? Fanny heard it, and in a surprised way said to Dot, 'Why, we but double our helpfulness in our own homes when we reach out to other hearts and lives.'

After all, true charity, true help, while it may begin at home, can never end there.

Esther never fully knew how the change came about, and little guessed the picture of her life the girls had been permitted to see. Only God knew the sacrifice that the giving of the money and her services meant, but the girls thought they knew, and the sweet and earnest influence of one poor Christian girl won at least two souls for her Father, and brought eight capable, bright girls, who thought they were Christians, into the full knowledge and love of Christ.

Can you estimate where your influence will end if you place yourself a 'willing servant' in the Father's hand? Try it!

Giggling Girls.

If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggled, they would stop it.

Learn to smile; not giggle.

Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh; but very few people know how to laugh. It is as rare in life as it is on the stage.

A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company.

She will giggle when a boy meets her and

says 'Good morning.' She will giggle when he says 'Good-bye.' She is only nervous, but she appears silly.

It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth; it is trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with giggles.

It is not always possible to know, at first thought, whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is, take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead.

Far better be silent; you may then get the credit for wisdom that you have not got. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile.

Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self-consciousness; but anything is better than a silly giggle.—'Times,' New York.

The Day's Dress.

(L. A. C., in the 'Westminster Gazette.')

Take each new day up and wear it
Like a new-made dress,
Fasten it upon thee bravely
For the storm and stress.
Broidered be it with rare jewels,
Flower or tinted leaf,
Be it but a poor sad garment
Stained with want and grief.
Scent it with the morning incense
Of a fervent prayer,
Fold it in the Evening twilight
With a chastened care,
Lay it on the wide-shelved wardrobe
Of the guarding past,
This, and not to-morrow's vesture,
May be, dear, thy last.

Practice Forbearance.

A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother, nor too gently bear with her, if the mother has reached a period where she is more easily worried than formerly, and where little things vex her, says 'the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes too late.

Chosen of God.

(By Daisy May Twort, in the 'Morning Star.')

There were but two members of the graduating class of Pettleman Theological Seminary who had not decided upon the field of their future labors. These were Wylford Danesworth and Norman Lambert.

Danesworth, who was acknowledged by both professors and students to be the most talented man in the class, had received several calls, some very flattering, but none sufficiently tempting to his pocket book to induce him to accept.

Norman Lambert, while he had the respect and good will of every one in the seminary, possessed no unusual ability.

During his student days, he had devoted much of his time to a small mission in a lower quarter of the city where he had met with a degree of success which seemed almost miraculous considering the conditions.

When he came to speak to men and women belonging to the upper stratum of society, however, the returns had been less encouraging; he had received many words of commendation, but as yet no official call.

Had he been a man of less simple faith, his seeming failure contrasted with his classmates' brilliant successes would have made him despondent, but believing, as he did, that he was chosen of God to bear a message to the world, he waited with cheerful patience for the way to open.

One morning in the early part of May, Prof. Brooks entered the library, his face beaming with satisfaction. In his hand was a letter from the parish committee of the First Baptist Church of Moorfield, stating their need of a pastor and requesting that students from the graduating class be sent as candidates.

This was one of the strongest churches in the denomination.

'The very place for you, Danesworth,' the professor said as he handed the etter to Wylford Danesworth, who read it slowly, then passed it on to Norman Lambert, who happened to be sitting near.

'Better let Lambert go first,' Danesworth said with an air of lofty patronage. 'If he doesn't make a hit, I may try my luck.'

As Norman Lambert read the letter and caught Danesworth's words, for the first time a feeling of despair seized him. He knew that he was no match for his more talented classmate who with his rare, melodious voice could move his audience to laughter or to tears.

Danesworth pointed the world to the rocky path along which walked the lonely Nazarene. Lambert toiled up the rugged road of self-sacrifice side by side with Christ Himself, and bore to those to whom he ministered the treasures he found by the way.

He had no beautiful words in which to clothe his thoughts; the tenets of his creed he best expressed in noble Christlike deeds.

'Lambert might go next Sunday, and you the Sunday following. One of you will be sure to suit them,' the professor said, with an encouraging smile at Norman.

'I think it would be only wasted effort for me to try it,' Norman Lambert said half sadly as he handed back the letter. 'Danesworth will do us all more credit.'

'Suppose you wouldn't take it, if 'twas offered to you,' grumbled the man by the window.

'Yes, I should, because I never should be called to a church like that unless the hand of the Lord was in it,' Lambert answered thoughtfully.

'You will have to go next Sunday anyway, for I have another engagement,' Danesworth said decisively.

'Oh! brace up, and go,' urged a fresh voice, 'and give the Lord a chance to show if he wants you or Danesworth there.'

At this, Danesworth smiled. His smile said plainly: 'As if even the Lord would not prefer me.'

Wylford Danesworth possessed so many virtues that perhaps it is not to be wondered at that his biographers in enumerating them neglected to mention his excessive modesty.

'What are you going to give them on Sunday?' he asked, the next morning as he came upon Norman Lambert in the library, with his head bent low over his books.

'Give them? I had almost decided on "The Path to Heaven,"' and Lambert waited anxiously for his classmate's approval.

Danesworth smiled. 'It sounds for all the world like the sweet-girl-graduate essay. They will know you are fresh from the seminary.'

'Might as well know it first as last,' was the cheerful response.

The following Sunday morning, Norman Lambert walked resolutely into the First Baptist Church of Moorfield.

The beautiful auditorium with its soft carpet, its harmonious frescoing, its stained-glass windows whereon were pictured saints and martyrs, seemed a most fitting place in which to worship God; and the deep voice of the organ filled the house with a melody that was all but divine.

As Lambert glanced over his congregation, a feeling of his own impotence swept over him.

What message had he, who knew but the alphabet of life's mysteries, for men who had achieved success, for women who had worshipped long at the shrines of art and poesy?

As he uttered the words of the invocation, he was conscious that his voice had a strained, far-away sound, and he was grateful for the beautiful anthem that turned the attention of the audience from himself.

He remembered Danesworth's comment upon his theme, and the thought did not help to reassure him.

But the voices of the singers were hushed, and the deep tones of the organ had died away into silence; the eyes of the people were turned expectantly toward the pulpit.

As Lambert announced his text, one of the doors in the rear of the church opened, and a small, shabbily dressed boy made his way rapidly down the aisle, and slid into one of the front pews.

His coat was ragged, his hands dirty, and the triumphant smile on his face suggestive of anything but decorum or a spirit of worship; but to the young preacher he was what the sight of reinforcements is to the beleaguered general. He was like the boys at the mission. Norman Lambert felt that to this little waif he might bear a message, and gazing down upon him with a smile of rare good comradeship, Lambert began his sermon.

'Little Benny,' as the boy was popularly called in the down town district whence he had come, listened intently, his eyes growing big with wonder when Norman spoke of that city where no night comes, and where they need not the light of the sun because the glory of God does lighten it; the wonder deepened into reverence when the preacher told of Him who waits to welcome His children home.

The moment the benediction was pronounced, 'Little Benny' scrambled up the pulpit steps to Norman's side.

'Say! that was a great show!' he cried. Then in a bashful tone of contrition: 'Im sorry I sneaked in; but there wasn't no one at the door to take tickets, and so I jest slipped by 'em all. I ain't got but five cents. Will that be enough?'

'Oh! it was a free show to-day,' Norman replied in a tone of friendliness that might well have belonged to Benny's pal in the riverside district.

'Golly! wish I knowed it; Tilly Ann would give her eyes to see them winders, and I'd like the fellers to hear 'bout that place where they always hav somethin' to eat.' Then, more thoughtfully, 'Would five cents git any of them in to yer show?'

'Yes; anyone could get in for a nickel,' Norman said, fearing to lessen the attractiveness of the show,' if he told Benny it would be free next Sunday too.

'How often do yer hav it?' was the next eager question.

'Every Sunday,' was the cordial response.

'Then I'll bring the others.' There was firm determination in Little Benny's' tones.

'That's right. Give them all a special invitation from me,' Norman said, forgetting for the moment that he was not back at the mission.

Then Benny slipped out, leaving the young preacher free to return the cordial greetings and acknowledge the introductions.

The next Sunday morning as the church on Austin street was ringing with the melody of the morning anthem, the members of the congregation were disturbed by the sound of falling coins, and those of the audience who so far belied their good breeding as to turn their heads, saw a long line of children file by the pastor's letter box, which was placed in the back part of the church, each dropping in a coin as he passed. Then the procession moved solemnly down the aisle to the front pews.

Wylford Danesworth looked down upon this addition to his congregation with surprised disapproval. He disliked children in church, and this was such a shabby, irresponsible seeming lot.

They were very restless children during the sermon. While the regular attendants of Austin Street Church wept or smiled in sympathy with the young orator, the children, as if conscious of his disapproval, wiggled and whispered, and pinched one another.

Only Tilly Ann's behavior was irreproachable. She sat as if carved from stone, gazing in rapt wonder at the many-colored windows.

At the close of the service, as the people swept down the aisle to congratulate Wylford Danesworth on his brilliant effort of the morning, the senior deacon felt a light touch on his arm, and looking down met the

troubled, half-indignant face of 'Little Benny.'

'Do yer ever giv the money back?' he whispered anxiously.

Then, as Deacon Weston gazed at him in puzzled surprise, Benny added in a still louder whisper: 'The show wasn't worth it! He didn't say nothing 'bout the place wher they olways git square meals, nor 'bout the man that runs it. That's what I wanted the other fellers to hear 'bout. He wan't no good—'cept his clothes.'

This last with a reflective glance at Danesworth's black broadcloth which showed up to the best advantage in contrast to the rainbow-hued dresses of those surrounding him.

'When they won't giv back yer money, they lets you into a free show sometimes, at Dyer's,' a thin-faced girl who stood next to Benny observed in a shrill piping voice that sounded as she looked, as if it was not well nourished.

Deacon Weston recognized the name 'Dyer' as belonging to one of the lowest theatres in the city, and shuddered as he realized from what sort of place children like these obtain their amusement.

'So the show didn't suit?' he said kindly.

'No sir' was the emphatic reply.

'Suppose you come up next Sunday then, and leave your pennies at home. Will that do?'

'Yer mean we can git in free without sneaking in?' asked Benny.

'Yes, you may all come in free,' Deacon Weston said, 'and we hope to have a better show next time,' he added while the suspicion of a smile curved the corners of his lips.

'O, sir, the winders were jest illegent,' Tilly Ann whispered as she slipped past the girl with the shrill voice.

Deacon Weston looked thoughtfully after the children as they trooped down the stairs.

Was it not possible that they were right, after all? To one seeking the path to heaven, would the beautiful symphony of words to which they had listened that morning be worth as much as a nickel?

The church had prayed earnestly for the Lord to send them the right man. Might it not be that He was speaking to them by the voice of a 'ittle child?

These were the questions which the deacon propounded first to the members of the parish committee and afterwards to the church.

The result was that a few days later, Norman Lambert, to his utter astonishment, also to that of Wylford Danesworth, received a unanimous call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church of Moorfield.

He read the letter twice before he could grasp its meaning, then there arose to his lips the prayer that Moses prayed in the long ago:

'If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.'

And the presence of the Lord went with Norman Lambert as he took up the work as pastor of the church on Austin street.

When a church moves forward under a God-given leader it moves on to victory, so this church won many signal triumphs in the weeks that followed.

To-day, where Dyer's theatre once flaunted its questionable play-bills, a small chapel turns the thought heavenward.

The children who play about its doors will tell you that it was bui't by the members of the church on Austin street, that the great preacher holds services there now, but 'Little Benny,' who is away at school, is going to preach there some day.

Very likely your small informants may add: 'Tilly Ann is at school, too. Guess she's going to help Benny preach.'

Benny and Tilly Ann were not the only recruits won, however, but because of the valiant work done all along the firing line by Norman Lambert and his faithful followers, many a soldier will awaken in the likeness of the Great Captain when the reveille shall sound on the resurrection morning.

Their Caddie.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Rodney bounded up two steps at a time, raced across the piazza, through the hall, up one flight of stairs, and then pounded along another hall to the nursery door. The governess was just coming out.

'Fred ready?' he demanded, pulling off his cap with haste as he saw her eyes resting on it.

'Yes,' pleasantly; 'he has just finished his lessons and will be out at soon as he puts his books away. Are you through?'

'Been through twenty minutes,' loftily, 'and all the lessons perfect, too. But I commenced before breakfast and learned some, and I studied like a house afire to get through so we could go to the links. You see, I have about twice as many studies as Fred. But I got them all, and papa said if I do as well for a whole month he will give me a new set of golf sticks. I had to go to the post-office or I would have been here sooner. May I go in?'

'Certainly. No one is in the nursery but Fred just now. I am going downstairs, and will speak to Addie.'

Rodney's face fell. He had forgotten Addie, and Fred was always foolish enough to let her tag along. For a moment he wished that he had gone after some fellow who didn't have a little sister.

And still Fred was the best boy in the whole neighborhood to have fun with. He was quick and ingenious and good-natured, and best of all he was straight. Nobody ever had to watch him while playing games. His word was enough. If only it wasn't for Addie. But perhaps they could make a sneak of it.

The door opened and Fred appeared, his eyes bright and straightforward, and his shoulders square. It was good just to look at him as he stood there.

'I heard you talking, Rod, and would have been out before, only I was cleaning my slate and putting away things,' was his greeting. 'I suppose you're all ready for the links. Well, it won't take me but a jiffy. I picked my sticks out last night, and left them on the piazza. We'll run downstairs, and I'll call Addie.'

'Does she have to go?'

'Of course,' quietly. 'Mamma isn't well, and the governess and cook have all they can attend to. I'm taking charge of Addie myself this summer. And I'm glad to,' heartily, 'for she's the jolliest little chum a fellow could ask for.'

'Yes, I suppose so, in walking,' doubtfully; 'but in games you know little kids are always a nuisance. They've got to join in everything, and they can't strike straight, nor pitch, nor throw, nor run, nor anything. They're bound to spoil all the fun, and more sure to if they're girls. I always make a sneak of it from my sisters. They're better off with their dolls than tagging round after us boys.'

Fred shook his head, but smilingly.

'You don't know much about Addie, Rod,' he said. 'When we were down here last summer she was too little to go around with me, and, besides, we had a nurse then. I don't believe she will be much of a nuisance. The more she goes with me the more I like it, for she's good company. Anyway, if she is some bother I shall take her just the same. It makes things easier for the house.'

'Oh, it's all right, of course,' half apologetically. 'The links are on your land, and Addie's your sister. I was only suggesting. But here she comes now.'

They were at the foot of the stairs, and a small girl came running toward them through the hall, carrying a case of golf sticks.

'I'm going to be caddie,' she cried merrily. 'See, Fred,' holding up the case, 'I took your sticks into the kitchen and cleaned them up nice. Don't they look fine?'

'Indeed they do,' commended Fred. 'But you must let me carry them to the links, Addie.'

'Well,' hesitatingly, 'if you'll promise to let me have them when we get there, and carry them round while you play. I'm to be caddie, you know.'

'All right,' gaily, 'you shall have them.'

'Don't you ever want to play yourself, Addie?' asked Rodney curiously, as they walked along.

'Yes,' composedly, 'but I'm not big enough for regular playing yet. Mamma says I would be a bother. I'm just caddie now. But some time when Fred isn't playing a truly game he's going to show me some.'

'Why, I'll be glad to show you some myself, Addie, soon's we finish our game,' exclaimed Rodney cordially; 'or, better still, you and Fred and I can play a regular game together. You would learn easier that way.'

Then he stopped suddenly, surprised at himself, and flushing a little. He glanced sideways at his companion, but Fred said nothing. He was looking straight ahead, as though he had not heard.

This is More Important Than Making a Living.

The late Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, was one day addressing a body of young men. In the midst of his speech he turned to them very pointedly as he said: 'Gentlemen, remember that there is one thing more important than making a living and that is making a life.'

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

(Chapter VI.—Re-union.—Continued.)

Soon after six one bitter December morning Dr. Hasleham was roused from a sound sleep by the loud ringing of the night-bell close to the head of his bed. Hastily throwing on a dressing gown he went downstairs, to find that his services were needed for his brother-in-law, Edward Eastroyd. Some mill folk, on their way to work, had found him lying on the footpath between Clapperton and his home, and he had been carried by them to the latter place. He had presumably left the 'White Hart' at closing time, and being much the worse for drink had reeled and fallen. From some cause, probably the same, he had been unable to raise himself again. At least, such was the presumption, for he was in an unconscious state when found. A strong scent of alcohol from his breath had, however, told its own tale.

Lucy had also been roused by the ringing of the bell, and as he quickly dressed the doctor explained to her what had happened.

'It would have been a serious thing for any man to have lain exposed all night to this bitter cold,' he said: 'but for a man in drink, and with a weak heart—indeed with Edward's condition generally—I cannot help fearing the worst.'

'I will get up and follow you,' said Lucy. 'Poor Annie, what a shock for her!'

'It will be better for you to wait until after breakfast,' said the doctor; 'though I promise to send for you at once if I find you can be of any service.'

Annie Eastroyd had long since ceased to wait up for her husband, and on the previous night having been suffering from a slight attack of neuralgia, she had mixed herself so strong a 'nightcap' that she had herself fallen into a sleep little short of what might be truthfully termed 'drunken.' In consequence of that she had not missed her husband from her side, and only awoke when the loud ringing and rapping of the men who had borne him home roused the whole household. Dazed and frightened at the loud talking below she was sitting up in bed when the housemaid came into the room.

'Oh, ma'am,' she cried, 'they've brought master home; they've found him i' the road, an' he's as cold as a stone, they say—nearly gone, he is.'

Annie sprang out of bed, a cold spasm of fear gripping her heart.

'Are they to carry him upstairs? They want to know, said Betsy.

'I suppose so,' said Annie, in a bewildered manner.

'See, ma'am, I'll carry your things into the blue room,' said the housemaid; 'and then they can come.'

And shivering with physical cold and nervous agitation Annie followed the maid into an adjoining room, and there dressed as speedily as she could under the circumstances, and with the sound of that dreadful trampling up the stairs, which always accompanies the bearing of a heavy, helpless burden, falling upon her ears.

Annie's love for Edward Eastroyd, never of a very deep nature, had not survived his neglect of her. Still, he was her husband, and no woman with any heart in her at all could remain unmoved by such a catastrophe as this. And when at length she stood by his bedside and saw him lying there, so utterly helpless, some stirrings of the old tenderness led her to take first one of his cold hands and then the other, and gently chafe them in her warmer ones, whilst blankets were speedily made hot and wrapped about his chilled body.

And thus Arthur Hasleham found her when a few minutes later he arrived on the scene. And all was done that care and skill could devise, but with no effect. Before that day ended another victim to alcoholic poisoning—for this, and exposure, were the united causes of death—had gone to his account. And Annie Eastroyd was a widow.

And when all came to be arranged she was not so rich as she thought she ought to have been. For Edward Eastroyd had made no will, and he had wasted in drink and gambled away at billiards a good part of his personalty, a third only of which his wife could claim. A pair of unhappy, useless, discontented widows she and her mother dwell together, and there are not wanting well-founded rumors that they both seek solace far too often in the cup that inebriates.

Of Tom Eastroyd there are some hopes of reclamation, Edward's sad end, and the combined influence of his remaining brother and brother-in-law, working in that direction.

But Mark Murwood is lost to his family and friends. Matthew and he remained partners for a time after their failure, but eventualy the former found himself compelled to pay Mark out, so untrustworthy did he again prove, drink more and more gaining the mastery over him, and he utterly refusing to try the remedy which had resulted so well in Ellen's case.

There have been a few times when Ellen Murwood has felt the old craving seize upon her; but, fortified by her year's compulsory abstention, and with her whole moral and spiritual fibre strengthened by the atmosphere of the 'Home' in which she had dwelt, and now in her own home upheld by her husband's example and influence, and surrounded by loving, sympathizing friends, she has so far resisted and maintained her integrity. And as five years have already rolled by since she came home to Beech Cottage there is little likelihood that she will ever again fall away. Another little son, too, now brightens the home of herself and her husband.

'God has been far better to me than I deserve,' Ellen said to Kate, with tears in her eyes, on the advent of the little stranger.

Kate bent over her and kised her.

'We may all say that, Ellen,' she said; 'especially you, and I, and Lucy. I wonder sometimes whether there are three happier wives in England.'

'And under God we owe it to you, in a great measure,' said Ellen, solemnly.

'Nay, if to anybody human, to my father,' cried Kate. 'If you are going back at all, let us go to the root, his training and influence, and firm principle. But the old darling is waiting for me this very minute, I know, so I must be off. Good afternoon!'

(The end.)

The Japanese Mirror.

Florence's mother was going away to be gone several months, and it seemed to the little girl as if she could not bear it. Mrs. Harris felt badly about the separation also, but she knew that it was necessary for her to go. She knew that her daughter would miss her greatly and she also feared that she would forget about doing what was right, for Florence had a bad temper and it took all her mother's tact and patient efforts to prevent her giving way to the naughty words and acts it prompted her to say and do.

A short time before she went away Mrs. Harris called Florence to her side and talked with her about the matter. She told her how wrong it was and how it grieved her to have her little girl let her temper be master.

'Why, mamma, dear, I don't mean to be naughty. It just does itself. I wish I could be like you and never say anything cross, no matter what happens.'

'There is a little Japanese legend that perhaps may help you. The story is that a man in one of the remote towns of Japan went to one of the large cities. No one from their little village had ever been to the city before and it was considered a great event. He was gone some time, but when he came back he brought a number of presents for his wife and little girl, but the one that seemed to them the most wonderful of all was a mirror, for there had never been anything of the kind in the village before. At first the mother and daughter spent much time in looking into the mirror and smiling and talking into it, but then the mother thought that she was being very vain, so she put the mirror away and never looked into it any more. After a number of years she was taken ill and she knew that she must die. She felt very sad to think that she must leave her daughter, and she feared the daughter might forget her.'

'Oh, Mamma, I won't forget you!'

'But will you always remember what mother has said to you?' asked Mrs. Harris. 'Well, this Japanese mother thought of the little mirror and brought it out again. Her daughter looked very much like the mother, so the mother said, "I want you to promise me to look into this mirror every night and every morning, so that you may know that even though I am away I am still thinking about you and caring for you. Whenever you are sad you will see that I am sad; whenever you are happy you will thus know that I am happy with you." Now, the Japanese daughter really thought it was her mother whom she saw when she looked into the mirror, and she told her whatever had happened during the day, and the mother seemed to talk back to her, although she could not understand what she said. Each day the daughter tried to be more kind and loving that she might please the mother whom she saw only in the mirror, and each day she grew more and more like that sweet mother.'

'That is just what I want to do, Mamma,' said Florence, as she put her arms about her mother's neck.

'Florence, dear, you look much like me except that I am older looking. Now, suppose you look in this mirror, not only each morning and evening, but whenever you feel cross or when things do not go just to please you, and try and think that it is mother's face you see in the mirror. If you will do this faithfully every time that you feel the least little bit cross, I do think it will help you to remember; and then suppose you sometimes look into the mirror when you feel real happy, then you will know how glad mother is.'

Florence promised, and she kept her word, and when she saw the cross look on her face as she looked into the little mirror, it instantly changed to a bright, sunshinny look that reminded her of her mother, and she got so she called the cross look the 'shadow that came before, and she disliked the shadow so much that she learned to get rid of the cross look before she looked into the glass. Soon people began to say, 'How much Florence is growing to be like her mother in disposition as well as in looks.' When she heard this Florence was indeed happy.—Ruth Mowry Brown, in 'The Child's Hour.'

The 'Messenger' has, for some time past, presented to its readers the announcements of the Robert Simpson Company, Limited, Toronto, and it is hoped that the news of this great store has been found of interest by many of the homes where the 'Messenger' makes its weekly visits. Among the great institutions that have brought the city of Toronto, and indeed the Dominion, into its present envious position, the Simpson Company may be mentioned as a leading one. Its enormous business is conducted in the most modern manner and no facility that would tend to perfection is omitted. With its great progress there has been no deviation from the principles of integrity and fair dealing that have characterized the firm since its inception. Among other pleasing comments that one hears throughout the country regarding Simpson's is that the smallest mail order receives the same prompt and thorough attention as the largest purchase.

The 'Messenger' devotes but little space to advertising purposes, but feels that the weekly announcements of such a firm are not only interesting, but very helpful to its readers, inasmuch as it brings under their notice the advantages to be derived from dealing with an establishment that is so well able to serve them.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Little Blackberry Girl.

'Blackberries! Blackberries! Blackberries!'

We had been sitting in the patent swing under the big maple trees in our yard a long time, trying to get cool that hot summer day, Mary Fisher and I, when we heard the shrill cry.

'Who's that?' said Mary, looking toward the dusty highway, down which was trudging a little girl in a faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet, and with bare feet.

'That's the little blackberry girl,' I said. 'She comes round every year selling berries of all kinds. She's the queerest thing you ever saw—just like a little old woman. If mother was home, I suppose she'd buy some.'

DID YOU WANT SOME BERRIES?

'Where does she live?' asked Mary.

'I don't know,' I made answer carelessly, for I was not a bit interested and didn't want Mary to be. 'I never asked her. I don't even know her name. She just comes and goes, and everybody calls her the little blackberry girl. Don't look at her, or she'll want you to buy.'

'Well, why not?' asked Mary. 'I have some money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to talk to her. And she looks so tired and hot. If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?'

I didn't like it, not one little bit, but there was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my visitor, and a visitor that I prized very highly, so I did as she requested. I called to the little blackberry girl and told her to come in.

'Did you want some berries?' she asked, smiling all over her face. Even her eyes smiled. I had never noticed it before. I had thought her very plain, but she really did look very pretty indeed.

'I want some,' said Mary. 'I dearly love them, and these are so very nice. Where do you get them?'

'On the side of the mountain, Miss. There's a sight of 'em grows there.'

'And these must have been picked this morning,' said Mary. 'They look so nice and fresh.'

'They were, Miss. I was up before four to get at the berries.'

'Before four! I don't see how you can do it. Where do you live?'

'Down near the old stone mill. It's quite a little step up the mountain, but I like the walk in the early morning. Everything seems so happy and bright, and the air is full of the singing of the birds. I love to go after berries.'

'I shouldn't think you would,' I said. 'Just see how the briers scratch up your hands and feet.'

'O, that's nothing at all,' she said, cheerfully. 'I never feel the scratches, and they're gone in a day or two. I just think how many nickels and dimes I am going to get for them. That pays for all the scratches.'

'Don't you wish, sometimes,' Mary said, 'that you were rich and could live in a fine house like this and wear nice clothes and do just as you please?'

'No, I don't think so,' was the laughing reply. 'You see, I was made to work hard, and I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the greatest blessings in the world.'

'Wait a minute,' I said, as she rose to go. 'I know mamma would buy your berries if she were here, so I'll take them.' And, feeling very generous, I made her empty her basket, and while I went to put them away I had Mary bring her out some cake and iced lemonade.

'I'll tell mother I've been to a party,' she said, as she gayly trudged toward home. 'And it is so fine that I sold all my berries so soon. Now I can go straight home and help her iron.' And away she went briskly down the road.

Mary and I looked at each other shamefacedly. We had done nothing but grumble all day about the heat and the dullness and everything, and here was this little girl actually jolly over having to work.

'Sadie,' said she at last, 'let's get to work at something. I am just ashamed of myself. What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea of her being contented with her life and our grumbling at ours!'—'Baptist Boys and Girls.'

Patty's Fairies.

Typhoid fever had played sad havoc with Patty. Before the dread disease laid its hold on her, she had been the very happiest and busiest girlie to be found anywhere in all West End, trotting to and fro carelessly on her sturdy little feet. When she finally began to creep back to health again, Patty was still a happy little maid, though she was no longer a busy one. Her little feet no longer flew to and fro tirelessly. Instead, one refused to move at all; and when the right foot pattered the floor, eager to be up and away, the left rested still and quiet on the red hassock.

'Take her to the country—away out in the woods among the trees. And keep her there until cold weather comes,' said the old doctor.

And so it came about that the whole family was soon snugly settled in a rambling log house right out in the middle of a great big forest.

For awhile all the brothers and sisters and their friends who came, filling the big house to overflowing, were devoted to the little girl with the shorn head and the balky foot. In fact, they almost overpowered Patty with their attentions.

But by and by the new wore off. They all became accustomed to the tapping of the tiny crutch, that is, all save Patty and her mother. The mother shrank as from a blow every time she heard it, and Patty would forget sometimes that while one foot travelled all right, the other stubbornly refused to follow.

For awhile Patty was never left

alone. Then it gradually came about that when the whistle sounded far down the track about sunset, away went all the boys and girls to meet the train from town, eager for letters from home friends.

While the merry young folks who did not have balky feet were away, Patty used to sit in her wheeled chair out under the big trees. And while she sat there, she began to scrape up an acquaintance with many of the shy forest folk, who did not seem to mind her presence at all. In fact, little Mr. Nuthatch made her laugh so she cried, by taking his dinner right above her head, clinging to the tree upside down. And she almost held her breath for very joy late one afternoon, because right out of the forest there came hopping a little wood thrush. And hopping right along behind the little brown mother were her twin babies, who sat in the grass close by Patty's chair, and had their bug supper.

They were all lovely folks to know, thought the little girl, but the ones she loved best were her fairies.

These came to her one evening just as darkness was about to settle down about her. Patty was feeling a bit lonely, when suddenly, right above her in the big tree, she heard a queer scratching sound. And Patty's eyes nearly popped out when she spied a little round head, poked around a big limb, and met two pert black eyes staring down at her.

You may be sure Patty stared back just as hard as ever she could, and then she nearly jumped out of her chair, for the owner of the little round head suddenly came sailing down right out of the tree! Another and then another followed, until the very air seemed to be filled with little furry bodies flitting from tree to tree.

And Patty sat all agape, for these queer creatures were not birds at all! They had round heads and plumy tails, and four delicate feet, and were just exactly like squirrels, only they could fly!

'I know, I know!' whispered the astonished little girl to herself. 'They are squirrel fairies, that's what they are! And they have found out how awful bad it is to have a balky foot, and so they have come to see me!'

Long hours did Patty spend with her fairies each day after that sitting happily under the trees, even after darkness came. For the little chaps did not pop their heads out of their nests until sunset. Then up and down tree trunks they scampered, sailing right over Patty's fuzzy, yellow head sometimes, often turning square around in mid air to catch a swaying twig.

'There's a whole colony of flying squirrels out there in the trees,' said father, when he came up to take his family home. 'I'll catch you one, Patty, if you like. They make nice pets.'

Patty stood by his side, having just walked across the porch from her chair, the balky foot going a bit slowly, and a little behind the other, yet moving along as any well-behaved foot should. At her father's words the little girl shrank back with a shiver.

'O, no, father!' she cried, a note of keen pain in her voice. 'I never do want anything caught and shut up, ever any more! It's too awful to be a prisoner, and not able to run, or fly, or climb! I'd rather leave my fairies in their trees—happy and free even though I'll miss them dreadfully when I go back to town.'—'Baptist Boys and Girls.'

The Spirit of Giving.

A little boy, who had plenty of coppers, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, of the missionary. His was a tin penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so he looked round with self-applauding gaze as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, 'I suppose I must, because all the others do.' That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, 'Poor heathen, I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable.' That was a silver penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.—Selected.

A Shadow-line Play.

'Let's play "shadow-line,"' suggested Jolly.

'What is that?' asked Sunshine.

'Never heard of such a play,' very gravely said Merrily.

'Why,' and Jolly looked round, 'you see where the sunshine ends and the maple tree's shadow begins? Well, we are to shut our eyes and keep walking round while we count one hundred. Then we must open our eyes, and if we find ourselves inside the shadow, then we are "dead," and must fall down.'

'Then they all shut their eyes and counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," on and on, till they came to ninety-nine.'

'One hundred!' shouted Jolly.

'One hundred!' shouted Merrily.

'One hundred!' shouted Sunshine.

'Not dead yet!' they all laughed.

Then again they shut their eyes and counted and when the one hundred was finished Jolly ejaculated, 'Oh!' and down she fell.

Then Sunshine and Merrily took up the count, and this time, when they opened their eyes, they each exclaimed, 'Oh!' and down they fell. They had all crossed the 'shadow-line.'

Just then there was loud chatter and jabber in the branches of the big maple tree, such an outpour of bird screams and shrieks, such a flutter and flapping of wings!

'What's that? What's that? What can the matter be?' whispered the little 'dead' girls.

'Oh,' shrieked Jolly, suddenly springing up, 'the cat's after a baby robin! Scat! Scat!'

Very quickly Merrily and Sunshine jumped up, and the cat ran, her tail showing fright at the screaming of the three little 'dead' girls! Then papa came and put the baby robin back in its nest, and the little girls voted the shadow-line play a fine game.

'Why,' exclaimed Merrily, 'if we had not been "dead," then we could not have saved the life of that dear little bird!'—'Youth's Companion.'

Chosing a Pathway.

Little children, happy children,
With your bright and winsome ways,
Faces glowing with the radiance
Of your happy, early days,—
Little tender-hearted maidens,
Merry boys with sunny brow,
I would ask you one short question:
Answer me, I pray you now.

Life is lying all before you,
Like a new, unwritten book,
With no ugly blots to mar it,
No mistakes to spoil its look:
Children, you must fill those pages,
You must fill them one by one;
And the book will be examined
When your task on earth is done.

Life is lying all before you,
With its pathways yet untrod;
One that leadeth to destruction,
One that leadeth up to God.
Each of you must choose a pathway,
For your little feet to go—
Upward to a home in glory,
Downward to a death of woe.

Little children, have you chosen
What your future life shall be?
Have you tried to look beyond it,
Or its far-off end to see?
Jesus Christ, the children's Shepherd,
Waiteth long to know your choice;
He alone can rightly guide you;
Listen to His warning voice.

Little children, Jesus loves you,
All for you He bled and died;
And is ready now to save you.
Hark! He calls you to His side.
Through this world with all its dangers,
All its sorrow, sin, and care,
Christ, the Lord, will safely lead you
To His kingdom, bright and fair.
—'The Child's Companion.'

Pussy's Rescue.

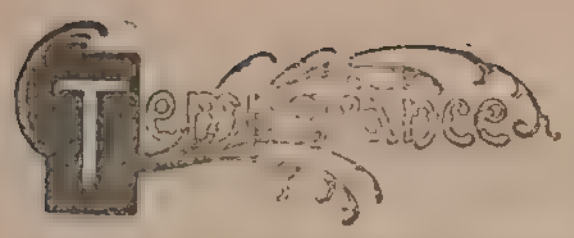
(By Aunt Carrie, in 'Our Little Dots.')

I am going to tell you about our pet cat.

The workmen were mending the roof of our house and had placed a long ladder against the back of it. Master Pussy thought to be very clever, so he climbed up the ladder rung by rung.

When he was as high as the bedroom windows he began to feel rather frightened, and was unable to come down again. Poor Puss! He mewed and mewed, and at last the workman heard him and carried him to safety again.

I don't think he will ever try to climb ladders any more after such a fright.



Temperance Shaft Issued.

'A Consumer' Asks and Answers a Few Questions.

Here is the latest literary shaft sent out by temperance advocates in the West. One is assured that it was 'written this week' by John MacLeod Sutherland for Illinois Local Option. 'What is there in it for me?' is the question asked by 'A Con Sumer':

The saloon-keepers all may be very nice men.
But what is there in it for me?
I blow in my money and wake in the PEN,
So what is there in it for me?
Of course I'm as welcome as flowers in May
When I come to the JOINT to squander my pay,
But I wake in the COOLER the very next day;
And that's all there's in it for me.

All over this country we're swimming in booze,
But what is there in it for me?
The saloon-keeper's kids are wearing new shoes,
But what is there in it for me?
The distiller's share is an automobile,
A carriage, the retailer's share of the deal,
But I'm wearing shoes that are down at the heel;
And that's all there's in it for me.

The booze-maker's wife may be dressed like a queen,
But what is there in it for me?
My wife hasn't duds that are fit to be seen,
So what is there in it for me.
The beer-brewer's son may be dressed like a dude
While I'm wearing garments exceedingly rude,
But if we vote 'wet' I'm afraid I'll go nude;
And that's all there's in it for me.

My thirst costs me more than my clothes and my food,
And that's all there's in it for me.
The booze took my money, and did me no good,
And that's all there's in it for me.
The brewer is rich, he has gold by the peck,
The bar-man gets paid, he's always on deck,
But whatever I get, I get in the neck;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Why should I vote that the curse may endure?
For what is there in it for me?
I'm bound to vote 'dry' on election day sure,
For what is there in it for me?
A new self-respect, and a chance for my life,
New clothes for the kids, and a home for my wife,
The beginning of peace, the end of all strife;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Coming Home From Market.

The other day we noticed him as he came across the bridge, with his waggon full of cotton, chickens, and eggs. He found ready market for his produce, and we thought how happy his little ones would be when he returned home in the evening with toys and dresses, and shoes, and food for the morrow, and some clear money in his purse.

We thought we could see his wife in the doorway to give him a cordial greeting on his return, so desirous were we that he should make home ones happy and contented. We could almost see his cheerful face as he returned to his family after a day's absence. So we thought and returned to our work.

But eventide came, and he passed by our window again. He had nothing, we thought he would have. The bed of the waggon was bare. No little shoes, nor toys, nor dresses, nor food for the morrow, nor money in his purse we dare say. The man was drunk. He had changed, and this changed our thoughts of his home. We could see the children shrinking from his approach, and his wife, so careworn and sorrowful. She could not meet him with a pleasant smile with which she had intended greeting him. He was breaking her heart and preparing to make paupers of his children.—'Alabama Baptist.'

Action of Small Doses.

Professor Laitenen, of Helsingfors, whose remarkable paper on the action of alcohol in reducing the power of resistance to disease, and in injuriously affecting offspring, made such an impression upon the members of the Stockholm Congress, has since contributed another interesting paper to the 'Zeitschrift für Hygiene' not long ago, in which he describes the result of long-continued and extensive experiments with small doses of alcohol. Having for several months treated rabbits, divided into classes, some with a minimum dose of alcohol (equal to less than half-a-glass of wine for a man) and others with water under similar conditions, the subjects were then all alike exposed to contagion by injecting serum. Dr. Laitenen claims that he has proved to demonstration that even the smallest quantity of alcohol taken regularly impoverished the blood, rendered the animals more susceptible to infection, and undoubtedly had a deleterious influence on the offspring produced during the period of experiment. Dr. Laitenen concludes, 'I refrain from generalization, and only add that I have begun to make similar observations on human beings, and will publish the results at a later date.'

The Hole in the Bin.

(By H. A. Simpson, in the 'Home Journal.')

Once upon a time there lived a very rich but a very foolish man. He had a very large farm and he built a very large granary to contain the very large crop of rye which he raised each year.

One day there came to him a very wicked fairy and told him that the granary needed painting, and he would be glad to furnish the money to do the work if permitted to bore a very small hole through the floor of the granary. Because the farmer was very foolish and the fairy very subtle, the bargain was made and the hole bored.

Then through this hole day and night, there ran a little stream of grain, and because the bin was very large and the loss did not appear on the surface, the foolish farmer forgot all about it.

Now, this wicked fairy was very wicked, and he did not use for food the rye he secured from beneath the granary. Rather, he distilled from it a poison, and because it had a pleasant taste, and the wicked fairy was very cunning, he induced most of the workmen who worked for the foolish farmer to buy the drink. He gave much, also, to the foolish farmer.

The workmen soon became stupid from the poison, and did not work so well as before, but the wicked fairy was very cunning and knew that it did not matter to him, for they would soon care less about good homes, and books, and clothing for their wives and children, and so would spend almost all their money with him.

The foolish farmer, too, became still more foolish, and did not see that he was getting poorer and poorer each year.

Then it happened that the merchants, who had been selling clothing and food and books to the workmen, called a meeting to investigate and learn why they were not selling so much goods as they had before. Someone told them about the hole in the bin, but they would not believe that a farmer could be so foolish, till they investigated and found it even so. Then called they a meeting of all the workmen of the foolish farmer, and pointed out the hole in the bin, and explained that the wicked fairy did not use the grain for any useful purpose, but rather, made from it the poison which had been making them all sick and stupid and had robbed them of most of their money.

Then they called the foolish farmer and explained to him the hole in the bin, and he was much amazed, for he had forgotten all about it; besides, he did not know that a little hole in the bin could cause so much trouble.

Then the farmer, because he had little wit, cried out:

'What shall we do?'

Thereupon the merchants and the workmen and their wives and children cried out all together:

'Let us plug up the hole.'

This was accordingly done, and the foolish farmer became richer and wiser; the workmen became sober and industrious and their wives and children happy, and the merchants were again prosperous, because they sold much goods.

Moral: The saloon is the 'hole in the bin' of prosperity, and out of it, each year, runs one-tenth of all the people's money. It buys hunger, rags, dulled brains, nerveless hands, sad hearts, ruined homes and lost souls. Who will help to 'plug up the hole?'

To love earth's beauty is sign of some capacity for loving heaven's content.—J. C. R.

Total Abstinence.

'I have been for years a teetotaler, because I have long ago learned the difference in dealing with my fellow men, between "Come along," and "Go along." I have long ago learned that if you want to lead men you must put yourself at their head, and that it is no use to point out the path and say, 'I am going a road that is good for me, but you go the road that is good for you.' If you really desire to lead them, you must lead them in person and not simply in precept.'—The Late Archbishop Temple.

QUEBEC'S PASSING SHOW

THE AUGUST 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' WILL BE A PAGEANT PORTFOLIO.

The August issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is another Quebec Tercentenary number and forms a capital sequel to the splendid July number, so that the two will make together a most charming souvenir of this great historic celebration at Quebec—to be highly valued by those who have had the good fortune to share in it, and to be treasured by others in Canada who could not go, or to be sent to friends far across the seas.

On the cover of the August number is a large figure of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on the bridge of a ship, with the frowning Citadel of Quebec as a background. A general account of the Tercentenary proceedings is given, with page after page of exquisite pictures of scenes in Quebec at the time from photographs taken specially by a corps of expert photographers, along with snapshots of Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir George Garneau (the Mayor of Quebec, just knighted), the Vice-President of the United States, and other notables.

There are in addition to the Tercentenary pictures, the usual quota of others of general interest, and some very captivating summer scenes in Canada, all well worthy of the name and fame of the popular illustrated monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' the quality of which as to paper, ink, and presswork, makes it a veritable 'edition-de-luxe' among illustrated papers, and at a modest price. The August number sells separately at 15 cents a copy at all newsdealers. For a limited time the July and August numbers may be ordered together from the publishers (142 St. Peter street, Montreal), for 25 cents. One dollar a year includes the postage to all parts of the world, as well as all special numbers. July to December, 1908, inclusive, for only 50 cents. No gift to a Canadian abroad or to one interested in Canada could give more lasting pleasure for so small a sum. See large advertisement on page 14.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Any Mother to Her Babe.

How still, my babe, thou slumberest;
Thy breath, how calm and mild!
So faintly fell on Mary's breast
The breathing of a child.

How close thy body, soft and warm,
Lies folded in my arms!
So nestled down that little form,
Secure from all alarms.

O dream and smile! My kisses seek
Thy dimples' witching grace;
So kissed the Virgin that fair cheek
That lay so near her face.

I look, while lashes droop and keep
Thy wondrous eyes in shade;
So brooded o'er an Infant's sleep
A Bethlehem mother-maid.

Thy hair, in clusters thick and brown,
Against my bosom's pressed;
And curls, not thorns, once made the crown
That gentle hand caressed.

I heard thee lisp my name to-night,
And glowed with ecstasy;
So boyish prattle once made bright
That home in Gali'ee.

Like His, thine innocence appears,
Who lived in Nazareth,
And grew in favor all His years,
The sweet evangel saith.

I will not think of ill for thee,
Or any pain or dread;
She boded not on Calvary
Who watched a manger-bed.

Madonna fair, our swelling hearts
With raptures overflow;
'Tis God such love as ours imparts
That only mothers know.

—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Hint to Young Married People With Children.

Accept a friendly suggestion. Carefully store your minds with personal, town, and city important events, all changes and great events in your own church, and all such discoveries as are made in your time, particularly what goes on in your own beloved country, and in the great nations of the world. Pay little attention to gossip in newspapers. It makes no difference to you what the man's name is that killed his wife a thousand miles from where you live. As Emerson says in substance, what difference does it make to you what the names of people are that are doing what has been done from the beginning of the world? Why do we give you this hint? Because you will be able to interest your children when they are little, and in every stage you can make home pleasant to them by telling them in your own language the important things that you have learned or heard. Then your boys and girls will pass out of the childish state, and before you and they know it you and they will be companions. But there is something more. You will have so many things to think of that your minds will not grow weak in advancing years so soon as otherwise they might. There is no more beautiful spectacle than grandparents interesting their grandchildren by their reminiscences and the light they can show upon many things that interest young folks; and there is not a much more melancholy spectacle than that of persons who have never treasured up anything. Too often they are peevish and prematurely dull. The exceptions are when the disposition was extremely good, or when—though they do not store up anything in memory—they have a sure hold on God and a bright hope of everlasting life. That is the only thing that can make happy those whose stock of ideas and facts is small when they are through with business and practically confined to the house or its vicinity.—'Christian Advocate.'

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OF THE

'Canadian Pictorial.'

The many thousands who have admired the July Tercentary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' will find in the August issue a delightful sequel, the two forming

A CHARMING SOUVENIR

of an event of national importance and of much more than national interest. The thousands who flocked to Quebec, and the thousands more who could not go, will alike treasure these

HISTORIC PICTURES.

The August 'Canadian Pictorial' contains among others, photographs taken by a corps of expert photographers of

The Landing of Our Royal Visitor
Champlain's 'Abitation de Quebecq' reconstructed.
Arrival of Champlain in the 'Don de Dieu'
Crowds round Champlain's Monument

Snapshots of The Governor-General
Earl Roberts
Duke of Norfolk
Vice-President Fairbanks
Sir George Garneau
The newly Knighted Mayor of Quebec.

And Other Notables.

It also contains other pictures of general interest, and some charming Canadian Summer Scenes. A truly delightful number. To see it is to want it.

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Selected Recipes.

SHIRLEY SAUCE.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, two large peppers, two large opinions, one cup vinegar, two tablespoons of sugar and one of salt. Chop vegetables and boil all together one hour. Seal up.

CANTALOUPE PICKLE.—Seven pounds of melons after they are pared and cut in shapes. They must be nearly ripe. Lay in weak brine over night, then boil in alum water (a teaspoon alum to two quarts of water) one-half hour. Remove, drain, and in the meantime have following mixture: Three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of cinnamon bark, one ounce of powdered mace, and one and one-half ounces whole cloves. Add the melon and let scald all together fifteen minutes. Put away in jars.

Delicious stuffed green peppers were served at a luncheon recently. Very large ones were chosen. They had been split lengthwise into halves, the seeds removed, and a mixture of bread-crumbs and minced ham, well seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt, placed in them. They were then moistened with tomato juice and baked in a hot oven until brown. A little chopped parsley was sprinkled over them just before they were sent to the table.

The Family That Stayed By.

There was once a tiny little church in a small and scattered community. It had a varied career, but came at last, after a good many years, to a position of strength and vigor. A half-dozen times the church was torn by dissensions, or weakened by removals, or disheartened by the apathy of the community, but it never quite gave up.

Looking back over the long period of uncertainty, when the life and usefulness of the little enterprise hung in the balance, it appeared that the connecting thread of life from one period of hope to the next had been a single family. This was the more remarkable because the family was a humble one, and had not been prominent officially.

The mother was a widow, with a large group of children, and very little with which to feed and clothe them. She worked early and late for them, and they also worked as soon as they were able. There were so many of them that almost every class in the Sunday School had a representative from that home, and therefore at least one regular attendant. And although the mother was not always there, her heart was there all the time.

The Sunday School class might run down, but it never could quite disband; or if it did, there was the nucleus for a new beginning. And in time the children of that household began occasional work as substitute teachers. One of the sons became church clerk, and one of the daughters, a rare, sweet girl, after some experience as assistant, assumed entire charge of the primary department.

The mother, busy as she was, was usually at the sewing society, where she took a modest but effective part. The women came to trust her, and she became an adviser and peacemaker.

But all the mother's work, and most of that of the children, was unofficial. Not in acts that could be recorded did this family do its work, but in constant and reliable support.

After a period of years, new life came to the community and the church. The troubles of the past were forgotten. Better homes were built, and new people moved in. A settled pastor was secured, and the work moved prosperously.

There came an anniversary, and as the minister looked over the records of years, too many for the work that appeared to have been done, he wondered why the church had not disbanded more than once. But always there had been a little nucleus of the faithful, holding on with numb hands, and always, inconspicuously among them, had been this widow and her household.

One day the minister called upon her, and out of a full heart he thanked her for all the fidelity of the years. 'It seems to me,' said he, 'that but for you this church would have disintegrated.'

The good woman fairly gasped; for she had been so busy caring for her children, helping her sick neighbors, doing little and mostly unremembered acts of good, it never had occurred to her that she was helping to make history. Yet it is such as she who are always making the history of the world worth while.

'Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee?' Heaven is filled with people who reached it by the way of good deeds performed and forgotten.—'Youth's Companion.'

Household Hints.

Washing soda costs about a cent a pound and it will remove almost any dirt. It will also remove the skin from one's hands and the paint and varnish from woodwork, so it should be used with discretion. One of the best uses of washing soda is in cleaning pots and dishes which macaroni, etc., have been cooked in. The usual way of scraping with a knife is bad, because it ruins the utensils. Put in hot water and a lump of washing soda and let boil for a few minutes, the adhering substance may then be easily removed.

To brighten tins and other cooking utensils, put them all in the wash boiler and place on the fire with plenty of water and a liberal amount of washing soda. Let them boil for twenty minutes, remove the wash boiler from the fire, but do not take the tins out for three hours. At the end of that time they will be when washed bright and new looking.

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